

Puck

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 1, 1914
PRICE TEN CENTS



WATCHFUL WEIGHTING

PAINTED BY W. D. GOLDBECK



The acknowledged political and financial authority among the daily newspapers of America is ***The New York Evening Post.***

Accuracy is always dominant in its columns. Its authoritative opinions and views of the financial world have made it famous throughout the United States and Canada, the best evidence of this fact being its subscription list, which includes many people of culture and refinement in Greater New York and in many American cities.

On Saturday an entire section of eight pages is devoted to the World of Finance and Commerce, with articles on all the week's developments, and correspondence from all important markets of the world.

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST

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Puck



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NATHAN STRAUS, Jr., President
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Literary Editor, A. H. FOLWELL



We Record the Passing of Another \$100

PERCIVAL L. WILDE is this week's winner of PUCK's \$100 prize. His clever comedy "Playing With Fire" is adjudged the best contribution received during the week, and the "one hundred iron-men" will gladden the brilliant dramatist's heart in the course of a well-earned New England vacation. In the role of cashier, PUCK is wont to philosophize. Here is a \$100 bill, offered every seven days to the man, woman, or child who sends in during these seven days the story, playlet, monologue, dialogue, or poem, that in the judges' estimation is most humorous. Truly, PUCK feels the rewards of successful authorship are aught but meagre. Should you lay a trap to snare PUCK's \$100, limit your prose to a thousand words or your verse to seventy-five lines. Mark your entry "Prize Contest" and send stamps enough for the return of the MSS. if unavailable. PUCK reserves the right to purchase, at its regular rates, any contribution submitted. Read Keene Thompson's prize-winner, "And Reginald Stayed," in this issue, and then try your hand at the prize.

A Record of Gains in Advertising Space

PUCK believes that more folks are becoming interested in advertising every day. We feel sure that the following figures will be of interest to PUCK's readers, because it is natural that they should be interested in its success. PUCK started in May with virtually a clean slate. It carried very little advertising, and the week before it went after advertising in earnest, its nearest competitor carried six times the amount of advertising that PUCK carried. We shall call the competitor *X Magazine*; here are the figures, issue by issue, up to July 11, the computations being

in agate lines of actual *cash* business, all trade and exchange advertising being excluded:

Agate Lines

	PUCK	X Magazine
May 23	2606	1365
30	1547	1922
June 6	1629	1987
13	1445	1755
20	1876	1705
27	1648	1416
July 4	1865	1359
11	1750	1747

Total eight issues 14,366 13,256

Thus, in two months, PUCK has overtaken its nearest competitor, with a safe margin of more than a thousand lines. The next big job before it is pulling up into the column with the leaders. PUCK's advertising columns are worth watching.

A Greeting from A Former Editor

OLD friends always find a handy latch-string hanging alongside the new PUCK door. Many readers who have noticed the cheerful presence of John Kendrick Bangs in the pages of the newer PUCK, will recall that Mr. Bangs once edited PUCK, and has been identified with it as a contributor for many years.

"You are getting out a bully paper," he writes, "and I'm mighty glad to be 'in' with the rebirth."

In the same spirit, is a note from another humorist:

"PUCK is such an excellent publication that I simply must get into its columns."

We want all our friends to feel this same impulse. Send it to PUCK by all means, but *send it to PUCK first*. If the dress we give it, and the exploitation it receives at our hands is worth while, see that PUCK has first call upon your literary labors.

Contents of this Number

IN PICTURE

COVER DESIGN—WATCHFUL WEIGHTING W. D. GOLDBECK

WHAT A WOMAN CAN MAKE OF US RODNEY THOMSON

THE BIG BERG GEORGE BUTLER

THE MELTING POT HY MAYER

THE DIP W. D. GOLDBECK

AS THE TWIG IS BENT RAY ROHN

Other drawings by Nelson Greene, Will Crawford, Gordon Grant, W. B. Johnstone, H. B. Martin, Power O'Malley, J. Held, Harold Farnsworth, Frank Bisbelle, Djuna Barnes, Norman Anthony, L. M. Glackens.

IN TEXT

THE ART OF PACKING LAWTON MACKALL

Illustrated by A. Z. Baker

THE SEVEN ARTS JAMES HUNEKER

Illustrated by C. B. Falls

THE NEWS IN RIME DANA BURNET

AND REGINALD STAYED (Prize Story)

KEENE THOMPSON

Illustrated by Nelson Greene

THESE NEW DANCES J. WILLARD-CONNELLY

PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT P. A. VAILE

BACK TO NATURE HARRY GRANT DART

Illustrated by the Author

LITTLE FABLES OF TO-DAY CHARLES H. TOWNE

THE SILENT NIGHT (Poem) ANNE P. L. FIELD

UPS AND DOWNS OF WALL STREET A. ULMANN

Other contributions by Andrew Armstrong,

Tom P. Morgan, Max Merriman, Ramsey

Benson, P. H. Carey, F. D. Abrams.

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TERMS Puck is mailed to subscribers at \$5.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months. Canadian subscriptions, \$5.50 per year, \$2.75 for six months; Foreign, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months. All correspondence should be addressed to the Puck Publishing Corporation. Puck will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss. MSS. sent in by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

A Letter from a Minister of the Gospel



AMONG the readers who write PUCK regularly is the sanctimonious gentleman who becomes very much excited over PUCK's pictures. He is the type of connoisseur who would drape the Winged Victory in a loose-fitting Mother Hubbard and condemn Botticelli to a felon's cell for having created the "Birth of Venus." Nevertheless, we like to hear from him, especially when his letter reaches us in the same mail with an appreciation like the following, from a minister of the gospel:

Dear PUCK:

"Your paper is the best thing of its kind published to-day.

"I am pastor of a missionary church out in the country on a very small salary. We are ten miles from any town.

"PUCK comes to me like a streak of sunshine.

"Please continue the paper that I may subscribe to its splendid inspiration."

Breadth of mind and of vision ought to be a magnificent equipment in preaching a new gospel in the wilderness.

"PUCK Has Done Much Good in the World"



AGAIN PUCK's stand on the playground question has received high commendation, this time at the hands of a woman in another city, who has devoted years of study to the subject.

"The illustration 'An East Side Playground' is wonderful. I have seen your East Side of New York City, and nine years spent in active playground work gives me a full sense of the value of the picture. PUCK has done much good in the world, and has stood for many things that have helped to make life better for many people, and we appreciate it."

"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before"



ALL that we said about the "Newport Number," of July 11, seems to have been borne out in fact. Within twenty-four hours after the day of issue there wasn't a "Newport Number" to be had in the PUCK office. We give fair warning now that the "Stay-at-Home Number" is destined to a greater sale than any issue of PUCK in some years. Tell your newsdealer that you will accept no excuses in lieu of a copy of PUCK on August 18. The chances are that he will be sold out in a few hours unless you order your copy in advance. The really farsighted "fans" over the new PUCK are taking the bull by the horns to the extent of pinning a dollar bill to this coupon and mailing it in. This simple proceeding brings PUCK right side up and smiling for the next three months. The sensation of buying good humor as you would buy a necktie is thrilling—try it!

Puck

301 Lafayette St.

New York

Enclosed find one dollar
(Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26),
for which send Puck, for three
months, to

One Dollar

One Year \$5.00 Canadian \$5.50 Foreign \$6.00



A woman whose stocking was her bank lost all her savings when her garter broke. This comes of banking in an institution not under the direct supervision of the Board of Bank Examiners.

Querido Moheno, late minister of Commerce and Labor in Huerta's cabinet, has ducked and departed. It seems a sensible step for him to take. A minister of Commerce and Labor in Mexico just now is a trifle like a Secretary of Agriculture at the North Pole.

A member of Congress, who is of an unpleasantly prying disposition, accuses Secretary McAdoo of "joy riding" in the Treasury Department's revenue cutters. O, come now! Even supposing it's true, can't any allowance be made for an ardent young bridegroom in the full of his honeymoon?

If the people of New York will make him governor again, the Hon. Bill Sulzer promises to "drive out the grafters." It is a great platform, the most reliable there is. In fact, if anything can stay the fiery zeal of political reformers it should be the sobering thought that with the conditions approximating the ideal, the slogan, "Turn the rascals out," would lose its force. Appeals would have to be made to a voter's head rather than to his passions. Perhaps it is just as well that Utopia comes not too quickly. When it arrives, a good many public persons and candidates in perpetuity will be minus an occupation. Let us be thankful we live in the present when "something is rotten." What dead campaigns posterity will have when there are no rascals to dispossess!

Says a prizefight account from Pittsburgh: "When Brock went down in the first round from a punch to the jaw, the women stood up in their chairs and automobiles and cheered." Further refutation of the outworn theory that "woman's place is in the home."

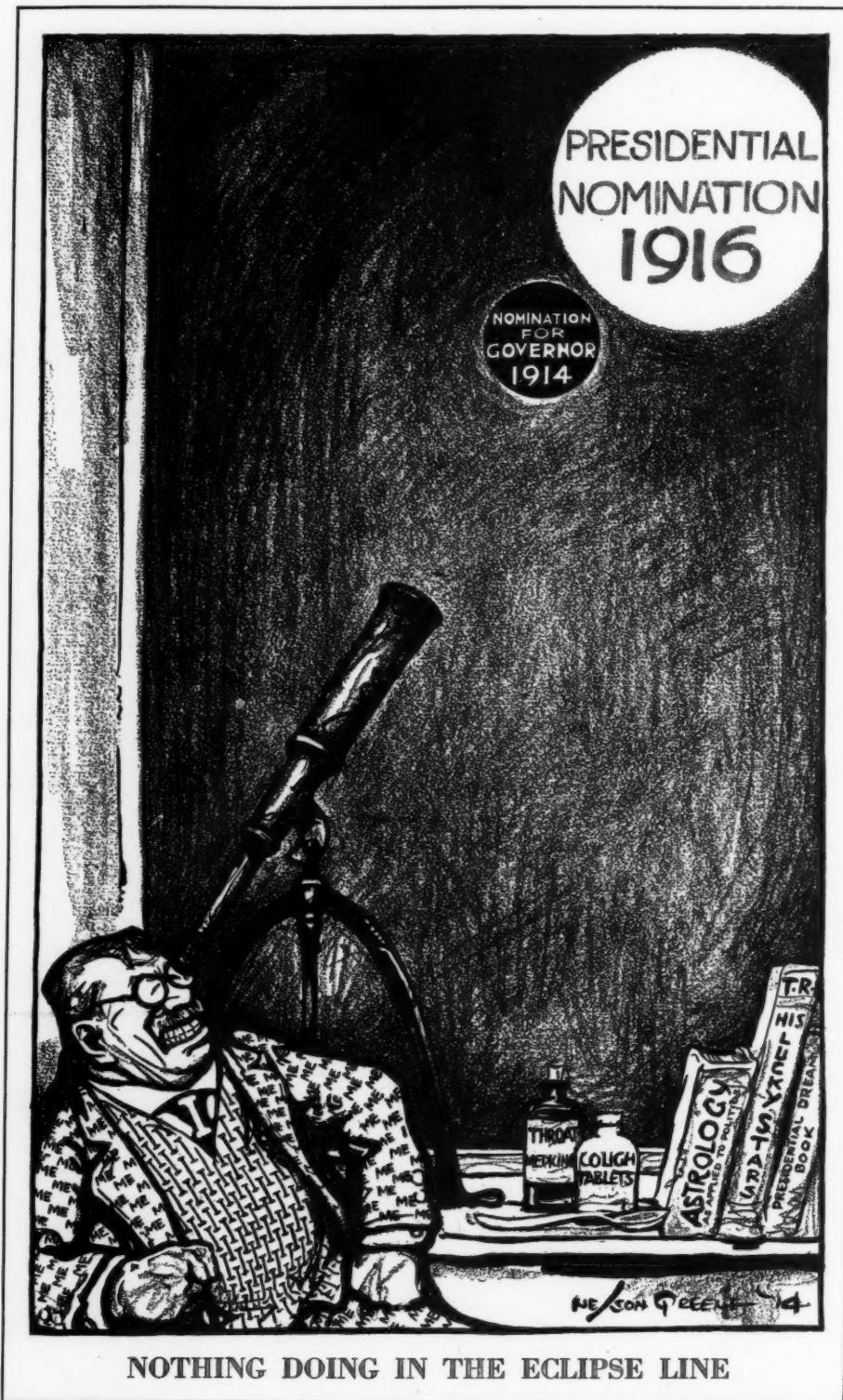
There is authority for the statement that the Maxixe was originally an Indian dance and that the recognized Maxixe costume consisted of a tiny apron. This would go to prove that many of our best dancers are still a trifle over-dressed.

"It is only natural to suppose that the great majority of women are concentrating and specializing on the American baby crop."

—An Anti-Suff.

Intensive farming?

Cherokee Indians out in Oklahoma have respectfully petitioned the United States government to let them alone. This same request has oft been made by the Indians on the Wall Street reservation.



Woman Suffrage is out with this slogan: "Republicans, you gave the vote to the black man. What are you going to do for the women in 1915?" In the interests of freedom it may be necessary to organize a Jane Brown raid.

Sulzer will not run for governor if Roosevelt does. Quoth he: "My friendship for the Colonel is such that I would not want to do anything that might hurt him." This is more than considerate. In the event of Sulzer's running, the Colonel might sustain a severe and painful slap on the wrist.

If some of our modern dressers had been in Mother Eve's place they would have hunted around for a diaphanous fig leaf.

A London-Berlin telephone service has been installed on which the charge will be two cents a second. Conversations had better be carried on in English as there are a number of German words that would be too expensive to use, unless one were a millionaire.

It is predicted that "pure air will be piped from the country into the big city buildings just as we now pipe pure water." Question for some future Supreme Court: "Are air-pipe-lines common carriers?"

John Crim, counsel for Charles S. Mellen, intimates that the language of the report on the New Haven "has a peculiar melody which suggests Mr. Brandeis." The Department of Justice has hopes that it will prove a catchy melody.



**"What
Fools
these
Mortals
Be!"**

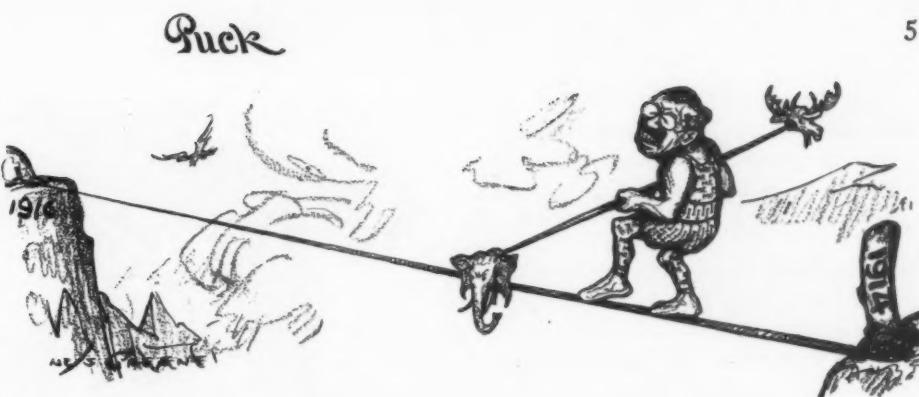
VOL. LXXV. No. 1952. WEEK ENDING AUG. 1, 1914

Established, 1877. *Puck* is the oldest humorous publication in America — and the newest

THE CHEAPEST THING IN WAR That stupidity and brutality are by-products of militarism was strikingly demonstrated in a recent cable from Berlin. In the last year nearly five hundred officers of all grades were convicted of ill-treating recruits, the underdogs of the German army.

Anything from a corporal up to a kaiser apparently has the divine right to kick a private, the so-called convictions being followed by the lightest of punishments in nearly every instance. Of course, it is not presumed that these five hundred cases represent all the exhibits of brutality, for as a matter of obvious fact they represent only those too flagrant to be passed without official notice. How many cases there were that were not discovered at all may be left to conjecture, and without much danger that the number will be overestimated. A recruit maltreated by a drill sergeant is not likely to make much noise about it for fear of what would befall him at other hands (or heavy shod feet) the next time out. So much for brutality.

As to the stupidity of such a system, there is no doubt of what would happen to any officer, high or low, who maimed army horses, rendering them unfit for use, or who tampered with a piece of ordnance till it was a wreck. He would be adjudged insane, if nothing worse, and opportunities for further injury of army equip-



ment would be denied him as a matter of course. Such a man would be guilty of injury to property—an unforgivable offense. Injury to human beings has yet to reach that eminence because of a mysterious thing called "army tradition," which still tolerates in the treatment of men what would in no circumstances be tolerated in the treatment of horses or guns or any other army essential. Can it be that man is the cheapest thing connected with militarism? That his lessened efficiency, broken spirit or total loss is relatively of small consequence when compared with any other munition of war? Neither of these is a hard question.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, and in the destruction of militarism the gods have an able if unconscious servant in the German "disciplinarian."

GEORGIA POINTS THE WAY

A bill has been passed by the Georgia Senate making it unlawful for the police officials of the state to subject a prisoner to the "third degree." The scandalous revelations following the Frank case have doubtless had no little to do with the expediting of this law, in the adoption of which Georgia's example might well be followed by other states.

Probably no phase of criminal procedure has been so outrageously abused at the hands of police officials as that fundamental of the English common law which adjudges the accused innocent until proved guilty. Many an unfortunate is serving time to-day as the result of a

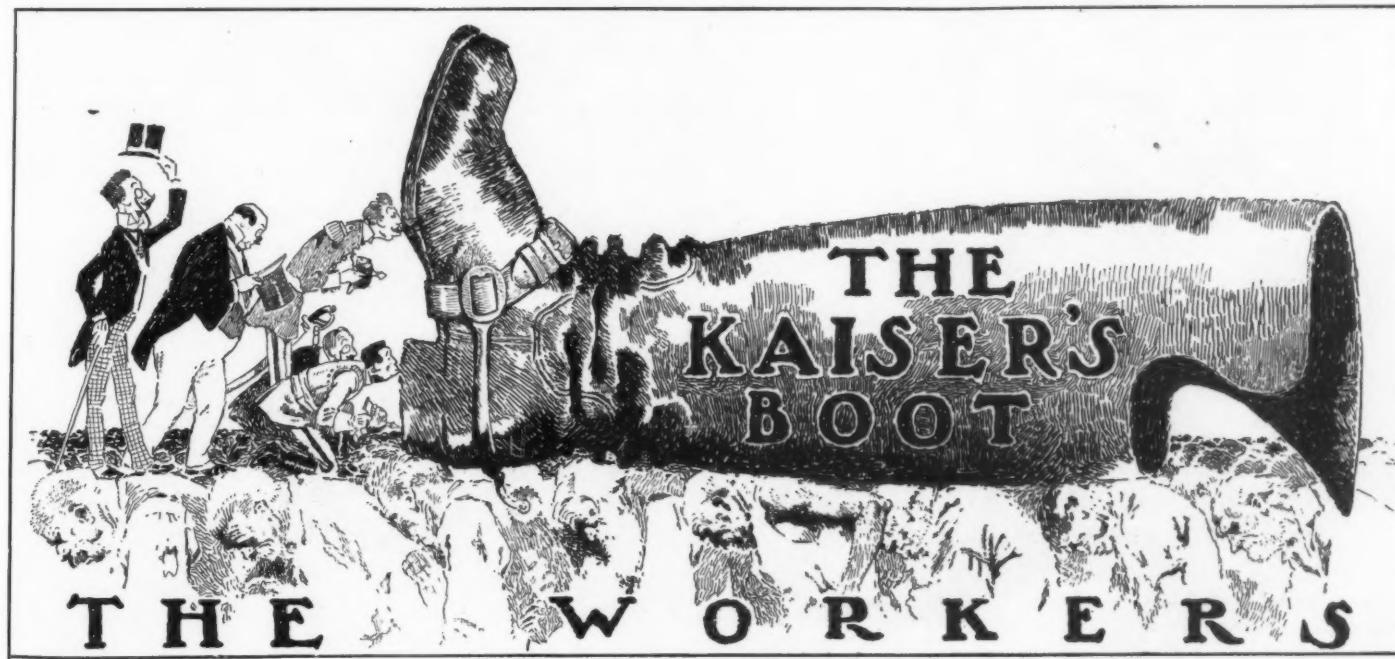
"confession" browbeaten from him after hours of brutal hectoring by a relay of detectives, whose course is to pursue a pitiless line of questioning until in sheer exhaustion the broken-spirited victim signs his name to anything in order to gain a moment's respite.

That a man innocent in the eyes of the law may be subjected to the "third degree," undefended, unrepresented by counsel and at the mercy of officials clamoring only for a "conviction record," is a monstrous reflection upon our police procedure. Intelligent juries are fast learning to discredit evidence secured by such means.

We have heard much of the "frame-up" and "third degree" in latter years, and they reflect anything but credit upon our corrective system. In other countries it is a serious matter to apprehend a man merely for the sake of making an arrest. To subject him to the terrorizing experience of a six-hour grilling would be handled in a summary fashion should he afterward establish his innocence.

In this country there is no redress. Georgia has taken a broad-visioned step in protecting the rights of the individual against invasion by men often of limited mental calibre bent upon "framing-up" a case whether guilt exists or not.

A group of Chicago office-holders are en route for Europe to learn something new about municipal terminal facilities. The only time Chicago admits it can learn anything outside Cook County is when a summer junket is in prospect.



GERMAN MILITARISM

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

WARNING

When she letteth thee recklessly spend,
And laugheth to see thee go broke,
Thou mayst jolly her on without end,
For she taketh thee but as a joke.

But when she demurreh at price,
And chideth for what thou hath spent,
Thou art treading on treacherous ice,
For the maiden hath solemn intent.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

"Now, that we have been married almost a week—" gaily began the happy couple.

"Ah, but," interrupted their cousin, a youthful and somewhat pin-feathery legal luminary whose brow ran away up into his hat, like a magnified dill-pickle. "I regret to—h'm!—advise you that in my judgement you are not married at all, as yet."

"Why, what can you mean, Cousin Broadhead?"

"You probably failed to observe the *lapsus linguae*, but when the officiating clergyman asked you, Maybelle, the so-called all-important question, he inquired if you would love, honor or obey Lester, thus, in substance, offering you the choice of doing either one of the three, instead of demanding that you accept or reject the proposition in toto. This, in my humble opinion, invalidates the entire ceremony. The error, had you discovered it, would doubtless have appeared to your minds, untrained in the subtleties of legal phraseology, as trivial and unimportant. But, not so! The law takes due cognizance of the merest trifles, for it is on seeming inconsequentials that the very foundation of jurisprudence rests. You may say, so long as the intent and purpose of the reverend gentleman was well known and apparent, why



STRATEGY

MOTHER: What's the matter, darling? Won't the big girls play with you?

ETHEL (between sobs): Yes—but they said I was the cook, and it was my day out—so I must go!

be hypercritical? The law, my dear relatives, does not recognize the spirit but the letter of the action.

"Not long ago, a certain man, charged with slaying a neighbor's hog, or swine, which was alleged to have broken into the garden of the accused with intent to devour the fruits thereof, by hitting or striking him, the said hog or swine, violently on or upon the head of him, the said swine, with a lethal weapon, to wit, an axe, thereby causing him to languish, and languishing die, was granted a new trial because the original information charged him with wrongfully or

maliciously killing and slaying said hog. The court very properly held that the conjunction 'and' should have been used instead of 'or'.

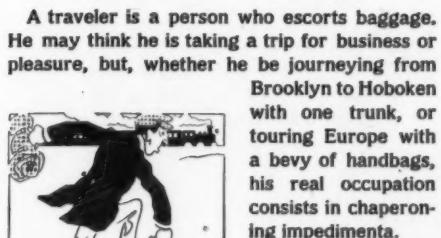
"I observed the clergyman's error at the time of its commission, but wished to be certain of my premises before I expressed an opinion. I have been consulting the authorities ever since, and my decision is that you repair to the same preacher without delay and insist that he perform the ceremony over again for one and the same fee, as the payment was tendered upon the tacit or implied understanding that satisfaction would be given or the money refunded."



WHAT A WOMAN CAN MAKE OF US

THE ART OF PACKING

ALSO, THE SCIENCE OF ROOTING HARD
FOR WHAT YOU HAVE PACKED



A traveler is a person who escorts baggage. He may think he is taking a trip for business or pleasure, but, whether he be journeying from Brooklyn to Hoboken with one trunk, or touring Europe with a bevy of handbags, his real occupation consists in chaperoning impedimenta.

There is something almost touching about the way in which he looks after his little flock—seeing that they are properly tagged, counting them anxiously to be sure that none are missing, defending them from the cruelty of expressmen, pleading for them at the feet of customs inspectors. He has care for the humblest satchel. If it be lost he will set down three full suitcases and seek after it until he find it.

Not that he is actually *fond* of his luggage. But he has packed it and brought it with him, and therefor he is under obligation to it; is responsible for its well-being.

He knows in his heart that many of the clothes he has brought will never be worn, and that most of the books he has stowed away—dry-looking volumes which he long ago decided he ought to read but which somehow he has never gotten 'round to—will not be opened. Nevertheless, he has these things with him, and it is his duty to cherish them and see them safely back home again.

As he unpacks his belongings at the first stop, he wonders what his state of mind could have been when he packed them. Why had he deemed his shaving brush *de trop*? And why, oh why, had he abandoned his faithful slippers? Had he imagined that two left-hand rubbers constituted a pair? Five hats and caps are all very nice, but why did he put in only four handkerchiefs? And even an array of fifty-seven neckties affords poor consolation for the total absence of socks. As for the bathing-suit, the morning tub would be the only place where he could use that, and even there it would hardly seem appropriate.

Anybody with the price of a ticket can travel from one city to another, but it takes a real genius to pack a trunk. The art must be practiced in its purity; there must be no mixing of the pancake (or roll-'em-up) style with the

flapjack (or spread-'em-out-flat) style. Such eclecticism is pernicious.

Considered from another point of view, packing is a fascinating game. You put all sorts of objects into a trunk, the baggage man churns them thoroughly, and then you take them out again and try to

guess what they are. You meet with a hundred different surprises. For instance, you never would have dreamed that a derby hat could turn inside out, or that a single suit could acquire



To Churn Them
Thoroughly



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

ONE OF THE TOTS: O-o-o-o-o, Mamma! See what a lot of water *that* man must have swallowed!

ninety-three separate and distinct creases, or that a book could swallow a mirror and have indigestion from it, or that a bottle of ink inside seven wrappings could break and assert itself over a pile of shirts and a month's supply of collars.

But the great paradox of packing is that a trunk is always full when you close it and always three-quarters empty when you open it. The trunk that nothing but violent stamping will shut is the very trunk that, a few hours later, bounces your possessions about like beans in a rattle; so that when you lift the lid again you find them huddled forlornly in a corner, exhausted and battered from their shuttle-istics.

Another peculiarity is that nothing that you want is where you think it is. The garment that you clearly remember putting in the right-hand front corner of the top tray is sure to turn up at last in the opposite part of the bottom. Indeed, sooner will the Sphinx give up her secret than the trunk give up the thing you are looking for. To dig up *de profundis* a shoe-horn that you need is more remarkable than to unearth a new Pompeii.

Rooting is a science. Suppose, for instance, you wish to locate a pair of scissors without disturbing the general order. You begin by classifying the scissors in your mind, in order that you may calculate their position in the trunk. You consider them with reference to the following scheme of arrangement, which you recite as if you were an elevator boy in a department store:

1. MAIN TRAY. Shirts, collars, hats, handkerchiefs, and toilet articles.
2. MEZZANINE TRAY. Dress clothes, neckwear, art goods, and bric-a-brac.
3. BASEMENT. Shoes, hardware, suits, underwear, books, medicines, and sporting goods.

Concluding, after due deliberation, that the scissors are equally appropriate to all of these,

you start in on the main tray, sliding your palms around the edge as though you were easing ice-cream out of a mold.

No scissors.

You delve in deeper, using the back of your hand as a plow-share.

No scissors.

Refusing to be baffled, you leave no garment unturned.

No scissors.

Growing a trifle impatient, you take out the main tray and tackle the mezzanine. This will be a simple matter, because it is so shallow that you have only to feel around the edges.

No scissors.

Perhaps they got shaken into the middle. You burrow there, making considerable work for the clothes-presser.

No scissors.

Now you are genuinely angry. You toss the mezzanine upon the arms of a chair. It is a rocking-chair, and it slides the tray gently forward and deposits it face downward on the floor.

Pretending to ignore this, you plunge both arms into the basement so violently that the lid unclicks and gives you a cowardly blow on the back of the head.

You rise up and vow that this your chattel shall flaunt you no longer. Seizing it fiercely, you turn it upside down—you dump its contents about the room.

No scissors!

Then there steals into your mind a vision of the above-mentioned cutlery

lying on a chiffonier in a room hundreds of miles away—and the realization that it is probably lying there still.



Lawton Mackall.

The Seven Arts

by James Huneker

Funny *In the Evening Post*, July 3rd, 1876. **Mr. Finck** there appeared the following squib—it was the eve of the national holiday—in the musical department, from the pen of its editor, Henry T. Finck: "James Huneker was guided by a correct instinct when he printed his remarks on 'Parsifal' in a comic periodical." To which the obvious reply is: But not half so comical as the musical criticism of Mr. Finck in the columns of a serious newspaper. How's that as a Roland for an Oliver, Heinrich! Or, as the Russian saying goes: "You pass me the salt and I'll pass you the senna," Batushka! Or, again, as they used to say in dear old London when I was a boy: "Not to-day baker, call to-morrow with a crusty cottage." After all, what has PUCK to do with Parsifal? The one a sprightly imp, the other a flabby eunuch. And not even the genius of Richard Wagner could dramatize a capon.

Wagner Old family scandals were dug up during the recent lawsuit between Cosima Wagner, the composer's widow, and her daughter Isolde, Frau Beidler. The law courts of Baireuth decided against the latter—naturally; fancy going to the home of official Wagnerism for a decision against its queen, Cosima! Isolde, born Wagner, has been legally adjudged the daughter of Hans Von Bulow, whose wife Cosima Liszt once was. She lived with Wagner before his first wife, Minna Planer, died, and before her divorce from Von Bulow. The latter behaved like a gentleman, and not only handed the lady over to Wagner (not without a sigh of relief; Ferdinand Lasalle has described her as an "impossible blue-stocking"), but also continued his propaganda for the music of Wagner. Of course there was bound to be a muddle as to the children. Daniela Von Bulow (the divorced wife of Professor Von Thode, art historian), was Liszt's favorite granddaughter, and was admittedly the legitimate daughter of Von Bulow. Now, as the result of a clash over money matters, Isolde has been denied the Wagner paternity, consequently inheritance, though she was recognized, with her sister Eva, by Wagner, as his daughter, and is the very spit and spawn of him, as the Irish put it. I've seen her a dozen times at Baireuth, and can assure you that she looks quite as much like the mighty Richard as does his son, Siegfried Wagner—also born out of wedlock, but legitimatized later. This same Siegfried—a veritable Parsifal—is probably at the bottom of this family row. His mother, to my way of thinking one of the most remarkable women of her century, dotes on son Siegfried, hence the unfair treatment accorded Isolde. As the old woman said of the hippopotamus: "Ain't she plain," and Isolde is. But what discrediting family linen hung out in view of the world! It's enough to make old grandfather Liszt leave his tomb in disgust, if he hasn't done so already, on account of its architectural ugliness. It was designed by his grandson Siegfried, before he thought he was a composer and conductor.

Wagner's Paternity History is repeating itself. As a man reaps he shall sow (this is upside down, and I mean it precisely that way). Wagner was also a love-child, the son of Ludwig Geyer, and confirmed as Richard Geyer. He has settled for once and all the question in his autobiography, wherein he spatters the good name of his mother. Geyer, a versatile genius, became her second husband after the death of her first husband, a dissipated police functionary. In view of the new critical literature on the subject, the Wesendonck affair and correspondence, and, last but not least, the autobiography, which, though it was "edited"



By C. B. FALLS

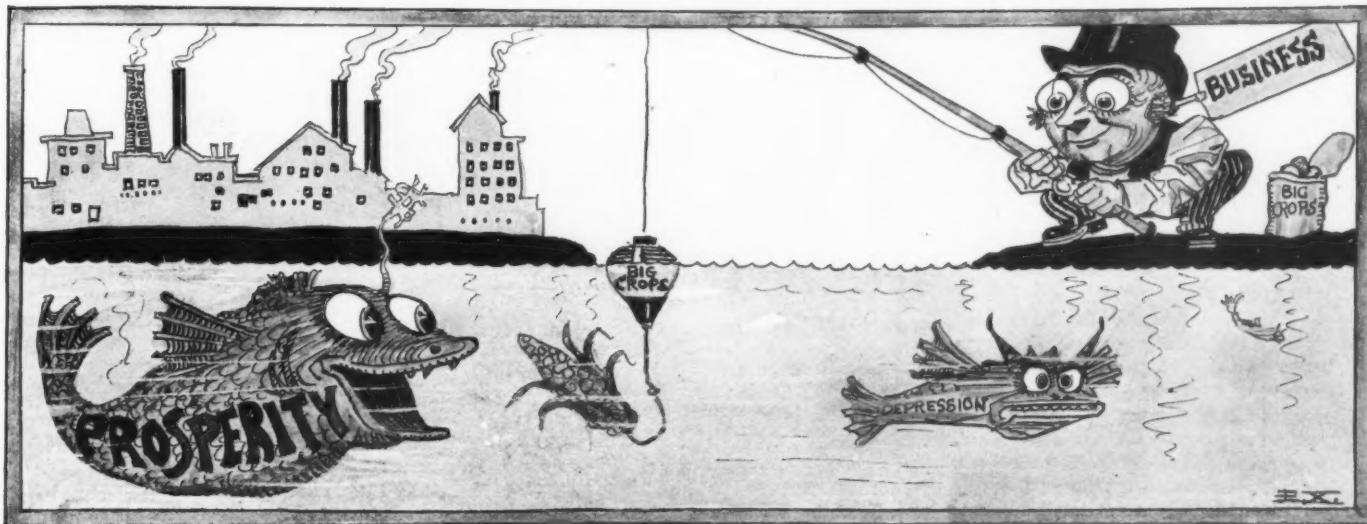
at Baireuth, is an extraordinary contribution to the subject, there must be written, or, rewritten, a new life of Richard Wagner Geyer. Even the monumental but Baireuth-inspired life of Glaser is deficient. In the *New York Times*, more than a year ago, I wrote a lengthy article on the Geyer relationship. I was in Berlin at the time, and had just read a pamphlet by Otto Bournot, entitled "Ludwig Geyer, the Stepfather of Richard Wagner." It consists of seventy-two pages, and the author sifts all the evidence. He delved into archives and newspapers of Geyer's day, and had access to hitherto untouched material. He was, without doubt, under the control of official Baireuth, where Cosima rules with an iron hand sheathed in a velvet glove—the inherited iron and velvet of Liszt's marvellous touch; nevertheless, it must be confessed that Herr Bournot's conclusion cannot be lightly dismissed. The Necrology of August Bottiger has been till recently the chief source of facts in the career of Geyer, but Wagner's *Autobiography*, which Bournot actually corrects, and his life by the Englishwoman, Mary Burrell, have furnished him with fresh material.

The Geyers The Geyers, as far back as 1700, were simple, pious folk, the first known of the family a certain Benjamin Geyer, who, about 1700, was a trombone player and organist. Indeed, the chief

occupation of many Geyers was in some way or other connected with the Evangelical Church. Ludwig Heinrich Christian Geyer was a portraitist of no mean merit, an actor of some power, a dramatist of fair ability (he wrote, among other plays, a tragedy called "The Slaughter of the Innocents"), and he was also a facile maker of verse. His acquaintance with Weber stimulated his interest in music; Weber literally discovered his voice, and he sang in opera. Truly a pocket-edition of his son. He married Johanna Wagner-Bertz (Mary Burrell was the first to give the correct spelling of her maiden name), August 14, 1814. She had eight children and about 261 thalers. Cäcilie came soon—a ninth. She was a favorite sister of Richard, who wrote to her of "our father, Geyer." Seven years after this marriage Frau Geyer again found herself a widow with nine children and little money. In his *Autobiography* Richard Geyer tells how this courageous and vivacious woman managed to raise such a brood. But the gist of my theme is to be found on page thirteen of the Bournot book: "The possibility of Wagner's descent from Geyer contains in itself nothing detrimental to our judgment of the art-work of Baireuth." This statement is stamped with the sanction of Baireuth. Wagner is Geyer's son, and twenty-five years ago Henry T. Finck told me that the elder Geyer's portrait—not the elder Wagner's portrait—hangs in Wahnfried, the home of the Wagners, at Baireuth. This fact I can personally confirm. Mr. Finck knows. He is not only one of the first to make critical propaganda for Wagner's music in this country (he visited Baireuth in 1876, the opening of the Wagner Theatre), but he has written one of the best biographies of Wagner extant.

New Evidence Since I read Bournot and wrote about it, that very active critic, Hans Belart (who largely discovered the Wesendonck history), has published a book, entitled: "Ludwig Geyer, the Real Father of Richard Wagner." He comes to grips with Herr Bournot as to the Jewish strain in Wagner's blood, and makes the following arguments in behalf of the Geyer paternity: The similarity in the shape of the skull—Richard Wagner was the replica of Ludwig Geyer; the similar

(Continued on page 21)



The News in Rime

T. R. announced that he had cut
His literary anchor;
Sir Asquith met a militant
And yearned no doubt to spank her.
Japan may move to Michigan
Although 'tis not official;
The Wilson bills
Are bitter pills,
But very beneficial.

The Purists say that when you smoke
It stains your psychic aura;
The folk who tan but never burn
Are flirting with Aurora.
The Emperor of Germany
Has lately changed his steward;
The Wireless trails
Now reach to Wales,
And earth is being skewered.

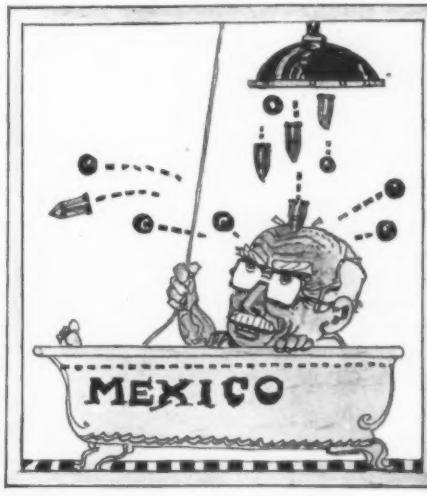
The Turko-Greek unpleasantness
Is very near to boiling;
The inner wheels of Whitman's boom
Were disattached for oiling.
It seems the Panama revolt
Was handled by the Colonel;
The health resorts
Are full of sports,
And Perkins springs eternal.



The Vanderbilts have lately leased
Vin. Astor's humble cottage;
The flies that haunt this harried sphere
Have now attained the swat-age.
Sir Woodrow held a fiscal fete
With divers Business Barons;
The summer lass
Is here en masse,
And Newport munched its marrons.

King George reproached his courtiers
For wearing wilted collars;
The plain or sidewalk citizen
Is sitting on his dollars.
The Feminists are taking steps
To husbandize the wed-noughts;
The Social Set
Is now brunette,
And Spain is building dreadnaughts.

Sir Underwood insisted that
We subsidize our shipping;
The week-end masses trolleyed down
To Coney for the dipping.
A Frenchman said that ragtime was
Our national expression;
The world is mussed
With touring dust,
And Congress stays in session.



An airship fleet will soon be built
To aid the military;
The weather is as arid as
An eight-day dromedary.
George Frederick Williams, G. A. B.,*
Was chided for his thunders;
The Prince of Wied
Was snicker-snead,
And Sulzer sits and wonders.



* General Adviser to the Balkans.

Dana Burnet.

And Reginald Stayed

BY KEENE THOMPSON

Illustrations by Nelson Greene

MRS. DELANCY'S face went scarlet. At sound of her husband's key turning in the front door, she caught up the sewing in her lap and flew across the room to the bureau. Hastily pulling open a drawer, she thrust the little garment inside. Not a moment too soon. As she straightened, she saw reflected in the mirror Reginald's tall, still youthfully slender figure framed in the doorway behind her, his brows drawn together in a somber frown.

They had been married not quite two years. Yet already they had reached a crisis in their domestic affairs. They had scarcely spoken, and then with but the most chilly politeness, for the past fortnight. Each had flatly refused to yield to the other's opinion on a certain matter. It had gone beyond the bounds of any ordinary conjugal spat. Become, instead, a vital point, on which the making or marring of their whole matrimonial happiness depended. A word from one or the other, given in time, might still set everything right. Yet so far neither had chosen to speak that word.

As she turned now to face him, the pink not entirely faded out of her cheek from the guilty dash she had made to hide her work at his unexpected home-coming, she paused to control her voice before throwing him a frigidly impersonal:

"Well?"

In silence, he passed her on his way to the door of his own bedroom adjoining. Still without a word, he reappeared. He carried a traveling-bag, which he set down with a slam on the chair before her dressing-table.

"I think you'll find everything is going to turn out very well, indeed," he retorted, grimly. Opening the valise, he stood for a moment regarding its emptiness thoughtfully—as though no longer aware of her presence—then turned and went back into the other room.

Her eyes, at sight of the bag, had gone wide. Now, as he recrossed the threshold with an armful of collars and shirts, she took a frightened step forward.

"What are you going to do?" she cried.

He flung the collars into the satchel. "I'm going," he answered, succinctly. "I've attended to all the preliminary arrangements. You'll have nothing to do but follow instructions, as they're given to you. You can see the lawyer whenever you're ready."

She was staring at him, her face ashen. Twice her lips

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the winning story in the second week of Puck's \$100 competition. Next week Arthur Chapman's "Beating Them To It" will appear.

formed the word without sound, before she could bring out: "The—lawyer?"

He swung 'round on her. "Yes, we're going to separate," he announced. "My mind's made up. Our marriage, Gwendolyn, was a mistake, it seems. It might as well end. I've tried to be a good husband to you, heaven knows. I think you'll agree I've let you have pretty much your own way about things heretofore. But this—I've given you to understand how I felt about it. I'm in the right, and I know it, and I've told you that this time what I said went. You refused to obey me. Very well. That means your love is dead, nothing else. Otherwise you would respect

my wishes, as a true wife should.

So it's over. We'll both just jot this down to experience, and go our separate ways—"

She had flung up her hands to both cheeks. "No!" she gasped. "No, no!" She backed to the



bed, and limply sat down. "You—you mustn't go on with this. Listen to me, be reasonable—"

He stopped in the packing of the bag which he had resumed, to look over his shoulder. "Would you listen to reason, when I wanted you to? I guess not! What was it you said? 'You'd do exactly as you pleased'—yes, well so I mean to do, too. I'm going to leave this house, where it seems what I say counts for nothing, leave it within the next hour, forever—"

"Reginald!" She was on her feet. Something in her voice, a different, a thrilling note, made him turn to face her with a start, as though at that touch of an invisible hand upon his shoulder. "You cannot leave me, leave here—now!" she declared, in a tone of finality.

He regarded her with puzzled fixity for the space of a full minute.

"What do you mean?" he said sharply.

"Everything is different," she rushed on, taking a faltering step toward him. "You don't know what you're doing. This decision of yours is madness—it's all a mistake. I tell you, things are not the same, it's all changed—oh, you don't understand!" and, with a torrent of sobs,

she flung herself into his arms. He led her, gently, back to the bed. Sitting beside her, he waited till the first storm of weeping had spent itself. Then, as her arm stole 'round his neck, he bent his head and she whispered something in his ear. Slowly a light dawned on his face, incredulous at first. He held her off at arm's length, searching her countenance with shining eyes. She saw doubt struggling against the joy in his expression. Nestling back against his coat, she nodded emphatically. Pointing to the bureau: "In the second drawer from the top," she murmured.

He rose and walked across the room, slowly, as one half fearful of confronting a promised miracle. He opened the drawer, to look down at what it held. In the tips of his fingers, he lifted out the tiny garment. Then, with a half-articulate cry, he spun 'round on his heel.

"My wife!" he breathed vibrantly, striding back to her. "My own wife!" And together in his arms he crushed her and that wee, little garment which meant that his orders had been obeyed, and that their disagreement was ended at last.

She had let down the hem of her new bathing-suit another six inches.



"I'm going to leave this house"



THE BIG BERG

New York as It Looks to the Stranger

DRAWN BY GEORGE BUTLER

A COMMUTER'S HENS

HIS STORY (*as told to the boys in the city*): I tell you, boys, you don't know anything about the advantages of living in the country.

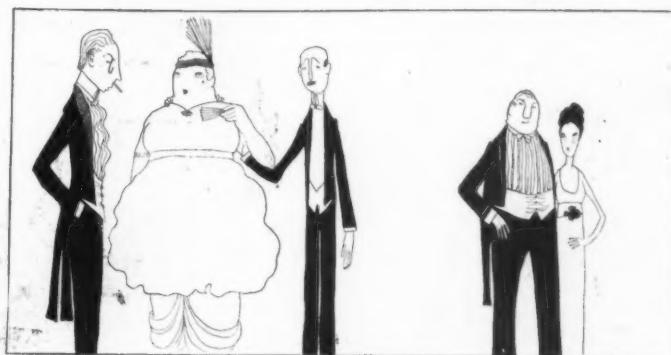
Take the matter of eggs alone. Here you chaps pay anywhere from sixty to seventy-five cents a dozen for every egg you use and—what's that? Good eggs are only thirty-seven cents now? Well, are they good? Anyhow, they are not the same as eggs not ten hours from the hen. We have eggs for breakfast that we know were laid the day before because they are from our own hens. What do you know about that?



No cold storage eggs or eggs shipped in from Kansas for us. You don't know anything about the satisfaction of going out to your henhouse and gathering in a big basket of eggs from your own hens. And it's almost no trouble to take care of 'em. Feed 'em a couple of times a day and see that their quarters are kept clean and nice. By heck, the question of eggs alone is enough to make the country look good to a fellow that likes the strictly fresh egg as I do. It's the country for me!

HIS WIFE'S STORY (*as told to her husband*): Now see here, Ned, we've simply got to do something about those hens of ours or be tabooed by all of our neighbors. Three of the hens got out to-day and hiked over to the Spencers' flower garden and scratched up a whole bed of young plants that were just coming up and nipped off that three-foot square bed of young lettuce Spencer is so proud of, and Mrs. Spencer came over here in high dudgeon and said that no respectable family would think of keeping hens anyway—and here the Spencers have been such good friends of ours. Then Mrs. Dadmun sent me over a note wanting to know if

we couldn't do something to make our rooster stop his way of beginning to crow at one in the morning and keeping it up until daylight. She said that her old mother is troubled with insomnia and between it and our rooster she can't sleep a minute some nights. And the real-estate man who has the lot next to ours to sell was here to-day, and he says he can never sell that lot as long as we keep hens. The minute possible purchasers see our henhouse, even if it is a fancy one, they say "good-bye lot" and the real-estate man threatens an injunction against us keeping hens. What's more, those fifteen hens have laid only three eggs a day for the last two weeks and half the hens are determined to set and I had to go out to-day and pay fifty cents a dozen for eggs for a cake I wanted to make and I could have bought as good in the city for thirty-five. And our Willie said to-day that one of the DeSmythe children said that his mother thought it looked "low" to keep hens, and Vera Montague told our Kitty the other day that her mother called me the "henwoman." I got a bill to-day for five dollars and sixty cents for feed for those hens last month. The upshot of it all is, Ned, that you give up those hens or me. That is final!



PERFECTION

BACHELOR FRIEND: Mr. and Mrs. Harbury seem to be perfectly happy.

STOUT FEMALE: Yes; theirs was an eugenic match, the same as ours.

The race may not always be to the swift, but most of us are willing to lose the race provided the pace is fast enough.



HY MAYER's work appears regularly and exclusively in *Puck*.



THE MELTING POT

uck



MELTING POT

13



By HY MAYER



THE DIP

By W. D. GOLDBECK

HOW TO DANCE THESE NEW DANCES

Being a Guide, With Full Instructions

BEFORE proceeding with these dances, the student must follow the count or time of the music, the number of beats per bunch, and the carriage of the body. Do not follow the carriage of your body as if it were a hearse, or an ice-wagon.

In dipping to the music, be sure you go down for the count. If you do not like music, or if you have none, the *dansoose* (or *danseuse*) should sing the count until the idea is saluted. These counts are in three languages, according to the nationality of the dance. They are:

Umpla, umpla, umpla.
Ump-la-la, Ump-la-la, Ump-la-la.
Ump-la-la-lum, Ump-la-la-lum, Ump-la-la-lum.

However, something bordering on music is desirable for learners. If you haven't a little record in your home, open the window and let the strains of some one else's phonograph float in. A strain of good music is as dependable as a piece of good soap. It floats.

We advise students to learn fluently the prelims before taking liberties with a ballroom floor. Otherwise such familiarity may breed a dent in your head.

THE TANGO

We don't know much about this dance, as it is very *intricate*. Besides, it is dying out because few men want to wear sashes and hats with tassels. They say it originated in Argentina, but it is really only the Grand Street walk set to music.

In Argentina they will teach you the tango free. You can pay your passage to Argentina and back, and learn the stuff cheaper than you can get it here.

The word *tango* applied to teas, belts, hats, slippers, and fish, often helps beginners when indulged in to that extent.

THE ONE-STEP

This dance, the *ump-la-ump-la-ump-la*, stands aces with the G. A. R., especially those with wooden legs. It used to be called the Turkey trot, until it became too Turkish.

Take three steps to the right, then sway like an ocean wave. Easy with your partner's feet, as they are usually a very sore subject with him or her. Don't use the straight-arm. Bend the elbow and hold the lunch-hook flat, as if about to give partner a wrist-slap.

With the other hand reach around and get a good side hold on your partner's shoulder blade, as in hurling the discus. This for nineteen counts. Whisper them; don't call like a train announcer. Chewing gum may aid you to keep time.

Then the cake-walk is danced proudly by holding the left leg paralytic, taking a dip with the right foot. If you can't take a dip a straw hat will do. This for sixteen counts, and cut out the muffler if your clutch misses.

Repeat energetically, according to the good nature of the orchestra, then hit the ice cream heavy.

THE HESITATION

He who hesitates can tango. This may or may not be true, according to who says it.

The *ump-la-la*, or *hesitash*, should be learned in an aeroplane, as that implement gives the correct idea of the motion. For those who have no aeroplanes, however, there is still hope.

Hunch slowly forward, facing each other, like two cats starting an argument. Gent walks eight beats. A cop will tell you that's a long walk, but don't call a cop. (Each *ump-la-la* constitutes a beat.)

Then gentleman turns his lady (or wife) sideways, dipping backward and deliberating as if he had forgotten something. Forget the music; the musicians should worry about that.

Turn partner on the bias, and repeat for a whole lot of counts, always going sideways like a couple of crabs.

The more you try this dance the more you hesitate, and that's the beauty of it.

THE MAXIXE

Never talk while dancing, unless you feel rough and want to bump into co-dancers. But you may converse during the maxixe as to how it is pronounced. You and pard will probably agree at the finish that it should be called *muh-jinx*.

The time is *ump-la-la-lum, ump-la-la-lum*, as in a ferry-boat.

Start forward like a garter-snake hunting for her garter. Dance the old-time two-step, which grandmother will teach you, unless her time is booked solid with this new stuff.

Next the gent slowly winds lady's hands aloft in a complete circle. If you ever helped wife hang pictures you know this motion. Dig your toe into the floor first, then think of your worst enemy and grind down heavy with your heel.

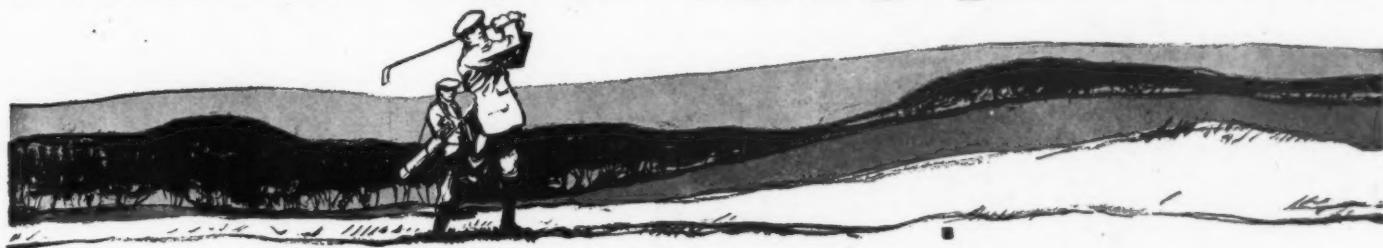
On every eighth count, lift friend lady in the air. Be careful she doesn't descend like a broken elevator. You can practise this step with a trunk, filled according to the weight of your prospective partner.



TEN YEARS' PROGRESS

From the Kangaroo Walk to the Tangoroo Slouch

PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT by P.A. VAILE



Author of "Modern Golf," "The Soul of Golf," "How to Learn Golf," Etc.

GOLF PROBLEMS FOR WOMEN

I have just been reading an article by Isabel Hartley

Hoskins in *Outing*. It is entitled "Golf Problems for Women," and I found it very interesting.

It is so extremely rare to find an informing article on golf, especially golf for women, that this article is worth more than passing notice.

I am going to start with a quotation which I take from the end of the article. Let me set it out boldly so that it may not be overlooked.

"There is practically nothing that a woman cannot do that she would be likely to wish to do, and she is likely to wish to do very nearly everything."

Here, methinks, speaketh the Spirit of the Times. Certainly it is true if we confine it to golf.

There are many piquant passages in this article. It almost seems as if the writer were paying mere man with some of his own coin at times.

She says: "Even the best of writers and teachers among men cannot get away from their own masculinity, and so fail to grasp the necessity of regarding the subject from a woman's point of view; consequently their helpfulness to women is decidedly limited."

Somewhat superior, what?

The writer has some excellent advice about the stance for women. She says: "We have always been taught to throw the weight forward on the balls of the feet in order to obtain an easy, graceful, standing position and a light springy walk. This rule does not obtain for the golf stance, however, because here the object is not to be daintily poised, but rather to be solidly settled on the ground. To accomplish this the weight must be absolutely on the flat of the foot."

This unquestionably is good advice, yet I could refer my readers to a book alleged to be by one who has five open British championships to his credit, wherein one is told that one's weight should be on one's heels.

"Women are rather inclined to walk up to the ball and hit it without taking the time to arrange themselves properly."

This is very true, also occasionally the converse thereof. I have seen women walk up to the ball and take an enormous amount of time "to arrange themselves," and then not to hit it. But we must not be frivolous when considering such a serious article as "Golfing Problems for Women."

The writer of the article has some very sensible things to say about the grip for women. She condemns the ordinary overlapping grip in the following words: "This grip is not really advisable for women, because the fact that the little

finger of the right hand overlaps the forefinger of the left causes the hold of the right hand on the club to be loosened and therefore weakened. A man with powerful hands may be able to afford the loss of a little of his strength, but a woman cannot."

The author then goes on to suggest "either the modified overlapping grip," wherein "the fingers of both hands are on the shaft of the club, but the thumb of the left hand is covered by the base of the palm of the right hand, or the grip by which both thumbs are around the shaft of the club and the hands pressed as closely together as possible."

This, I consider, is most excellent advice. Many women cannot possibly do any good with the ordinary overlap. I am glad to see that it is not so popular over here as it is abroad.

I am somewhat surprised that no mention is made of the alternative overlapping grip for the drive advocated by me some time ago on this page.

In this grip instead of overlapping on the left with the right little finger, the player gives the right hand its proper position on the shaft and overlaps with the left forefinger on the right little finger, the left thumb going into the palm of the right hand.

This is one of the most rational grips in use, and is, I believe, particularly good for women players.

John D. Dunn, the well-known professional, now at Hollywood, once saved a pupil by it. She was

giving up golf in despair when he put her onto the new grip.

She said: "Why, this is heaven after that other hold. I couldn't do anything the other way. Now I feel that I have the club in my hands and that I have some command of it."

If it were only for this warning against the overlapping grip for women this article was worth while.

There is a note of warning against overswinging. "Women players, especially beginners, are inclined to swing the club so far around that they are thrown off their balance and the club swings the woman instead of the woman the club. This fault can be corrected by keeping a tight grip on the club at all times during the swing as it is the loosened hold that allows the head of the club to drop too near the ground." I have italicised the passage in the last sentence.

What a world of trouble women, aye and men, would save themselves if they got this idea firmly into their minds.

The "loosening up" at the top of the swing is bad golf. I remember talking it over with George Duncan, whose articles on Women's Golf, in *Golf Illustrated*, London, have recently caused so much interest. He has always been utterly opposed to the idea.

"Get your grip," says George, "and stick to it until you have got the ball away."

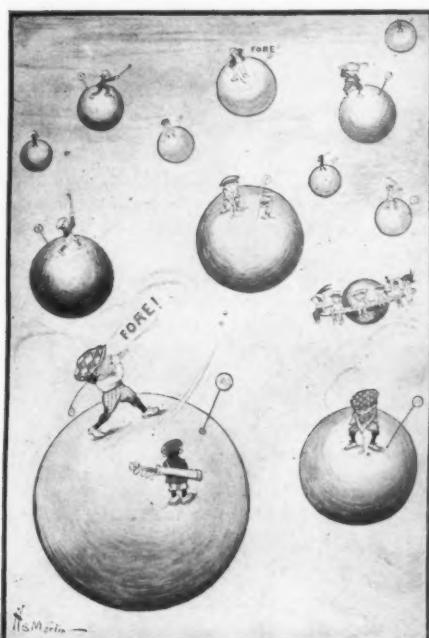
Our author has very solid support in this most important matter.

I must give yet another quotation: "It is a curious fact that woman fails to realize the importance of cultivating to the highest point of excellence the powers of which she is possessed. A certain perversity makes her strive desperately to accomplish the difficult, and, at the same time to scorn to perfect herself in that which appears simple and easy. In this connection I have in mind the indisputable fact that women are not such good putters as men. This statement may seem to imply that men are good putters, whereas as a matter of truth they are not nearly so proficient as they should be. They are far too inclined to consider that the ability to putt is a gift of the gods, to be joyfully accepted by the favored ones, and hopelessly envied by those on whom it is not bestowed. This is a silly attitude of mind, but one very common among men."

Men, mere men, you are getting it again. Sit up, please, and notice this—for I am afraid it's true. Here is the refreshing contrast:

"A woman's mental process in regard to putting is different but equally unproductive of satisfactory results. Every woman believes thoroughly that she is quite able to putt, but for some inexplicable reason does not give the time and effort necessary to make herself expert."

With which bit of expert golf psychology I must leave this entertaining and informing article—one of the soundest contributions that I have seen in years.



INTER-PLANET GOLF

A future certainty if golf balls are made any livelier

BACK TO NATURE; or "CAMP FREEDOM" ON LAKE MANIWAX

Written and Illustrated by Harry Grant Dart

BERKLEY SUMMERFORD, Samuel Burfield, Robert Edkins, and Hurley Mills are to spend their vacations together and leave the stuffy city on an early train. Their respective furloughs range from the distressingly brief spell of two weeks in Sam's case to the more princely term of four in that of Bob's, while the others are to have twenty-one days of Freedom from irksome toil. Sam was rather of the belief that the mountains would be the most salient things to bring back the bloom to his palid cheeks, although Berkley, who had let out contracts for some lurid summer haberdashery, claimed that the seashore would be more beneficial to their shattered constitutions and debilitated frames. Hurley said he didn't give a darn where he was to go as long as he got away from his desk in the Farmers' National Bank, but Bob vowed that there was to be no perfectly good hot spell squandered by him in helping to affluence the proprietor of some bum hotel. Nature was calling him, and he proposed to mingle his blithesome identity with the care-free denizens of some good-looking wilderness, and had just such a place in mind.

He knew of a mirrored, sun-kissed lake, on the silvery-sanded shore of which a camp could be made, and the vigor of youth restored by participation in the health-giving pastimes to be had only in the untrammeled heart of the pristine woods. Instead of wasting their holidays playing in "married-men-against-the-bachelors" baseball contests, and towing stout ladies up slippery inclines when the inevitable excursion to "Tiptop" was being made, they could enjoy nature as God created it, and return, tanned and robust, from a pleasant and sensible sojourn in the unpolluted wilds. This argument pried its way to the receptive cells of the reasoning apparatuses of all but Berkley, who wouldn't commit himself until he was assured that there was a town handy to Bob's Arcadia where an occasional "good-looker" might be halted and made to understand that there was a real "live-one" loose on the countryside who knew the maxixe. The Summer Resort Guide showed such a place, and Berkley, after receiving a permit to take his steamer trunk, agreed to go.

The scene is in Bob's bedroom, where a general inventory of accessories is being taken in preparation for embarkation on the 6 a. m. train. Bob doesn't understand what Hurley intends to do with a tarpon rod and two shot-guns, or why Berkley wishes to put a curse on the party with the "stage war correspondent" suit of clothes. Berkley, however, insists that



Berkley wishes to put a curse on the party with a "stage war correspondent" suit of clothes

one can never tell whom one might meet in the forest, and in case of callers doesn't propose to be caught looking like a flood survivor or a moving picture tramp. Sam won't need his tennis racket or golf clubs either, but who could ever tell him anything or persuade Hurley that the bait box and minnow trap he borrowed will only be in the way? Berkley thinks the air mattress and three sofa cushions Bob is packing might be classed as dispensable impedimenta also, but Bob says he has spent the winter reading up on camp life, and suggests that if Berk-

ley looks after his trunk and fireless cooker he'll have enough business to attend to of his own.

The tent belonging to the Baptist Sunday School is packed and on the station platform, together with an adjustable gasoline motor for driving row boats, which Bob borrowed from the cashier of the bank, and a canvas canoe. Hurley has the railway tickets and the sleeping car reservations. Few provisions are to be taken, as the party is to travel light and live on fish and game.

(To be continued.)

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

We didn't dream, the day he went,
He'd come back known to fame;
The kid we knew is now a gent
Who's won in life's big game.
We gazed upon him yesterday,
And all awe-struck we seen
His features, though no word he'd say—
Twas on a movie screen.

We never picked him out as one
Who'd climb the dizzy heights;
Jest like the other boys he'd run
And play, and get in fights;
But now he's back in this here town
In "Sal, the Cattle Queen,"
All silently a-lookin' down
From out a movie screen.

It allus seemed to us that he
Would lag behind the rest,
But now he's back, and we kin see
How well he's stood the test.
He ain't among us in the flesh—
That ain't jest what I mean;
He's one of that there film profesh,
And come back on a screen.



TARGET PRACTICE

OUT OF THE RUT

NEWSPAPER INTERVIEWER: I suppose your chief ambition is to play *Juliet*?
 TALENTED YOUNG ACTRESS: After the critics admitting that my methods are original? Fie! Say that I won't be happy till I play *Lear*!

A QUESTION OF BOTTLES

In the temperance warfare there are three opposing camps: Those that believe in a non-refillable bottle, or the radicals. Those that believe in a non-refillable bottle, or the liberals. Those that believe in a non-emptiable bottle, or the conservatives.

P.S.—There is also a nondescript army mostly of transient recruits and deserters from the other camps, entrenched by empty bottles; but they are scarcely able to define their position.

BONE

At the urgent request of an umpire, the pitcher plodded his weary way to the clubhouse.

"I lost my head, I guess," he vouchsafed, as he hesitated near his manager.

"I saw a dog gnawing something outside the gate," sympathized the manager.

FIRST INSTANCE

SHEM (*on the ark*): Zowie! The old man is pacing the quarterdeck in a towering rage. Is he worrying about the animals?

JAPHET: You guessed it; the lion got his goat!

SOUND ADVICE

"A girl should never wed a man unless she knows all about him," said good old Aunt Broadhead, who, having married and buried four husbands in somber succession, knew whereof she spoke. "But if she knew all about him she probably wouldn't marry him at all, and as she can't know all about him until she is married to him, I guess the only way to do is just to proceed in the old familiar hit-and-miss fashion."



THE INEVITABLE

"What caused Claire's insomnia?"

"The styles. When she puts on a night-gown she feels so encumbered with clothes that she can't sleep."

DUTIFUL

THE OLD ONE: You should always defer to your husband's wishes, my dear.

THE NEW ONE: I've done so ever since he told me that his one wish was to see me happy.



AS THE TWIG IS BENT—

DRAWN BY RAY ROHN



LITTLE FABLES OF TO-DAY

The Limousine and the 'Bus

The President of a vast Surety Company became infatuated with a pretty little Milliner.

She was lovelier than anything he had ever seen, and he determined to make her his Bride.

"She will be flattered to death," he thought to himself. "And she will be very happy with me; for am I not the President of a Company, and have I not exceeding Wealth?"

And he took her out in his mammoth Limousine, with two Hirelings on the front seat, and a golden Clock within that did not go, even for him, and Real Flowers that might just as well have been Artificial.

They dined at a Smart Hotel, and afterwards drove into the fragrant country in the wonderful Moonlight.

But the President of the Company was a dull Man; and the little Milliner was not happy. Indeed, she was bored.

He invited her the next evening; but she told him she had a Previous Engagement.

Whereat he was much surprised, and said: "Why! Who could give you a Better Time



than I? Am I not the President of a vast Company, and is it not an honor for a poor Girl like you to be seen with me in my Car?"

But she would not accept the Invitation for the following Evening. And he was more amazed than he had ever been in his important Life.

As he rode down the jeweled Avenue on the following night, alone in his Limousine, he chanced to see the pretty little Milliner on a 'Bus. A handsome Young Man was at her side. They both looked adorably happy—so happy that they did not even see the mammoth Limousine.

And the little Milliner was saying to the poor but promising young Architect at her side:

"I would rather ride on a 'Bus with you than in a Limousine with him."

"I love you!" the young Architect said.

"I love you!" the little Milliner answered.

How wonderful the Moonlight was in the hot City!

They were married in the Autumn; and the little Milliner never saw the dull President of the vast Surety Company again.

MORAL: It isn't the Company — it's the company.

Charles Hanson Towne.

INDISPUTABLE

'Tis true of many things beside
The game that is the nation's pride;
He knows the least about the game
Who gives the umpire loudest blame.

THRIFT

SETTLEMENT WORKER (*visiting tenements*): And your father is working now and getting fourteen dollars a week? That's splendid! And how much does he put away every Saturday night, my dear?

LITTLE GIRL: Never more than three quarts ma'am!

EXPLAINED

MR. WAYUPP: That stunning blonde over there has been looking at you all evening. She says she wants to meet you.

MR. BLASE: I know it. Not for mine, though.

MR. WAYUPP: Come, old man, you owe her an apology.

MR. BLASE: No; I owe her alimony.

A SURE TIP

Now, little bride, this maxim heed
Your wishes to attain—
If at first you don't succeed,
Cry, cry again.

IN 1925

GUEST (*glancing over menu*): What's the best word to-day, old man?

WAITER (*whispering*): Beefsteak.

GUEST: Why, it isn't on the card.

WAITER: Sh! You know, it's the closed season yet, sir!

SNAPPING IT BACK

"Brudren and sistahs," severely said good old Parson Bagster, glaring ominously at his congregation, "mo' dan one pusson widin de sound o' muh voice will pay fifty cents to go to de circus to-mor' dat wouldn't dig up a single dime to he'p out de revival dat, as de yumble inst'ument in de hands o' de Lawd, I was conductin' last week!"

"Well, sah," replied Jim Dinger, the gambling man, who seemed to think the ministerial gaze was directed at him, "de revival had on'y one clown, whilst de circus adve'tises twenty."



LARGE SEATING CAPACITY



THE SILENT NIGHT

The silent night was bright and fair,
With moonlight and sweet-scented air
Blown from the blooming lilac-tree;
No sound marred its tranquility—
'Twas wonderful to linger there!

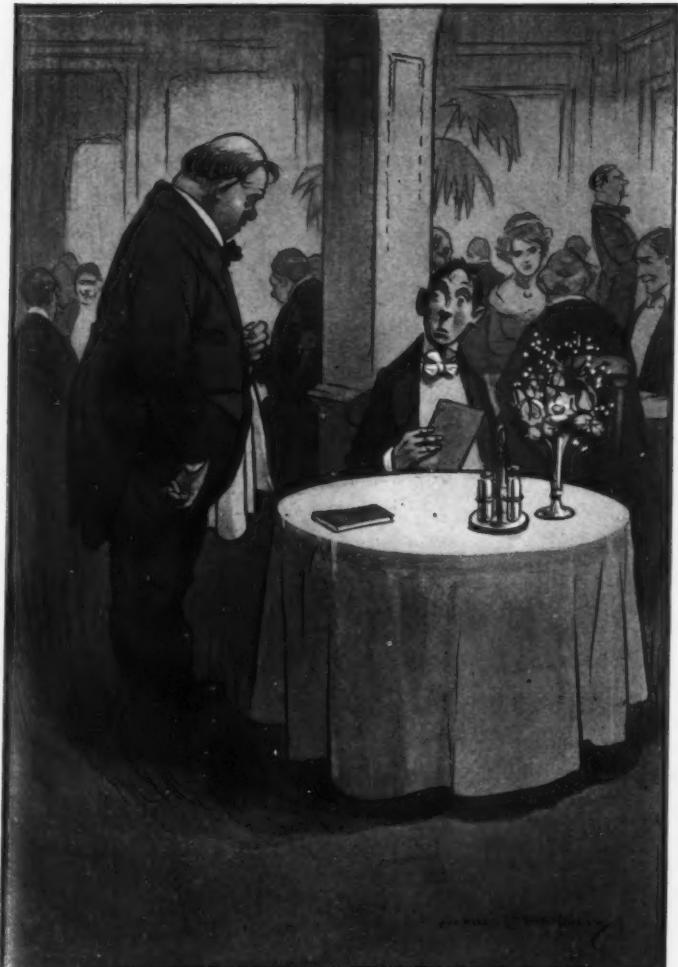
I'd dressed with most discerning care—
I took an hour for my hair!
For I had hopes it might not be
The silent night!

But when he came, I did not dare
Confess my gladness—or despair;
For I did all the talking—he
Smoked in the moonlight, silently!
O love-sick maidens pray beware
The silent knight!

THE SUPERFLUOUS PARENTS

I went to Dean Sumner and told him the teaching of sex hygiene—I prefer to call it personal hygiene—was the duty of the churches. He declared it was the duty of the public schools. So I had to do it.—*Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of Education in Chicago.*

Why, indeed, should we have parents at all? With the communal nurseries invented by the feminists, and the school supplying moral as well as mental instruction, the parents are reduced to a mere incident. In this age of rapid progress they may soon become as superfluous as the appendix that the doctors are so industriously cutting out of the human race at so much a cut.



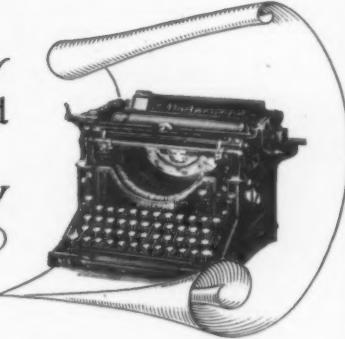
NO CHOICE

WAITER: Will you have soup, sir?
INEXPERIENCED DINER: Optional?
WAITER: No, sir; it's mock-turtle.



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world's record
for
Speed Accuracy
and Stability



Underwood

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

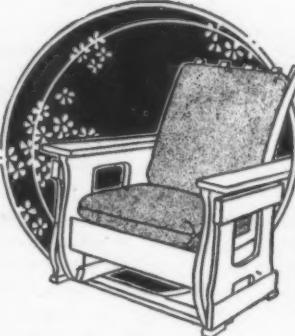
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Furniture for Men—for the Den,
the Library, the Living Room, etc.

20% to 50% less than our
already low regular prices



ABRAHAM AND STRAUS
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK



Referring to the New Haven matter:

The investigation was successful but will the stockholders recover?

Others besides directors must have been asleep or acquiescent.

Ordinary men when they make mistakes lose their money; directors lose other people's money.

New England is not going out of business; neither is the New Haven Railway.

A thorough house-cleaning is salutary, but oftentimes it is exceedingly expensive. The new stockholders will get the benefit.

On the day of the Commission's report most of the other securities were more perturbed than New Haven.

Some directors will find their occupation gone, and others will take a few old-fashioned Sunday-school lessons.

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage."

But most people, including directors, prefer the prosaic outer landscape.

Some day New Haven may sell "Ex-restitution."

The difference between the New Haven doings and the crops is that one is of the past and the other of the future.

A professional market is one that is understood by professional traders only; and, it is, therefore, utterly useless to try to explain it to the general public.

A one-share director is first cousin to a dummy director.

During the latter part of June it was stated in this column in reference to the prospect of the Steel Corporation's business: "If past performances are of any value an up-trend is once more about due." It is pleasant to note that the unfilled orders reported a few days ago indicated an increase of thirty-five thousand tons. This statement is not made in the spirit of "we told you so," but in the hope that "past performances" are of some value and that the corner has been turned.

While some experts are busy noting new low records on the stock exchange, other and happier statisticians are registering new high records for the total yield and the average yield per share of the coming crops.

"Who is going to regulate who?" is the present question in Texas. The Texas Commission had an idea that it was the chief regulator, but since the recent decision the railways have submitted a new tariff of advanced rates, and they have behind them the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Supreme Court. It looks very much like a case of the tables turned.

One day recently the list of transactions on the New York Stock Exchange included one hundred and twenty-six stocks. It was an average day, and the variety of stocks traded in represented the usual performance of recent weeks. It was noted, however, that forty-three stocks represented dealings of one hundred shares or less. Had there been no Stock Exchange it would have been some task to dispose of the said forty-three items, and there is no risk in predicting that the selling prices would have been sadly lower.

They were wise men, those who discerned in Roosevelt's term the far-reaching effects of the policy of regulation and disintegration in respect to corporations, that did not square with the antiquated but still persistent decalogue; but similarly those are wise men who recognize the fact that in Wilson's term the atmosphere has been tremendously clarified, and that we now look forth upon a prospect bright with the promise of a better chance for the average man than has been offered to him in many a long day.

Albert Ullmann.

ALL IN THE GAME

CRAWFORD: Isn't it rather strange to see a political boss going in for the uplift?

CRABSHAW: Perhaps it's the only way he can see to get another appropriation.

Puck

THE STRIKE THAT NO ARMY CAN QUELL

We may as well face the fact that a strike without parallel in its widespread effect and in the rigors of its wrath is impending.

No, not in Colorado, nor in West Virginia, but here, there, everywhere.

The movement has been initiated right here in New York. The word has gone forth. The wires and the wireless are carrying the message.

No, it is not a call to arms, but a call from arms. It hits at no industry, but at the home. It is not a wage dispute, nor a question of hours, but a demand for rights.

The area of this strike is not to be circumscribed by boundaries of city, or state, or nation, and the methods of the warfare are to be such that no militia force nor all the regiments of the United States Army can quell the hostilities.

We may as well face it, prepare for it, school ourselves for the deprivations incident to this impending strike, for the plan is for women to refrain from kissing and to refuse to be kissed until man humbly presents them with the right to vote.

Boston Garter
Virtue Grip
Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin
If you desire an unusually fine garter buy the 50c. grade
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THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 8)

gift for mimicry, and the marked color sense; the Geyers were musically inclined, even professionals; the Wagners schoolmasters, public functionaries, theologians—a poor argument, I think; the intimacy of Geyer with Wagner's family before his marriage to Wagner's mother; the general profile, mouth and forehead, the crest Wagner selected, a vulture instead of a wagon-wheel—too spun out a reason, but let it pass. Wagner was known as Richard Geyer as a boy, because the neighbors couldn't be hoodwinked. Nietzsche knew all about the matter, because he had corrected the proof of the Autobiography, and saw what the late Felix Mottl, the Munich conductor saw. "I am the son of Ludwig Geyer," he said was the opening sentence of the work. This was suppressed, "edited" before publication. Why Herr Belart is so hot on the trail is this: He asserts that the Geyers are Jews, or of Jewish origin, as did Nietzsche, and Herr Bournot wrote his book to prove the contrary. That Jewish features and a Jewish name prove this is beside the mark. Mr. Oscar Sonneck, musical librarian of the Congressional library at Washington, proved quite the contrary in a little book, and has since been supported by Bournot's evidence that the Geyers were born Lutherans. But this again does not quite clear the air. I know some Jewish families who go to High Mass every Sunday at the Cathedral in Vienna. Religion, too, has little to do with the case, which is a racial question. Belart insists that the Geyers are of Jewish origin: "When the contrary is not fully proved through a space of at least ten or twelve generations the question of the racial origin remains in doubt, and public opinion may share the view of Nietzsche," he writes. Public opinion during the earlier years of Richard Wagner Geyer's tumultuous career didn't hesitate to ascribe to Wagner Jewish blood. Apart from his brusque, domineering manner, this belief had much to do with the cool reception of Wagner in certain quarters. Europe was anti-semitic then. Mr. Finck quotes (Vol. I, page 75) Heinrich Heine's remark to Theodore Hagen: "Do you know what I find suspicious about Wagner? The fact that Meyerbeer recommends him." "Suspicious" here undoubtedly refers to Wagner's race. Heine was no more amiable to the Jews than to the Christians; he often rudely treated his countrymen when visiting Paris; Ferdinand Lassalle was an exception. He believed, as did many others, that Wagner, if not a Jew, at least had Jewish blood in his veins. Enraged because of this, enraged because Meyerbeer's sympathy did naught for him, and disgusted because Mendelssohn was on the top, Wagner wrote that attack known as "The Jews in Music," an unfair, ill-tempered essay, as unfair and ill-tempered as is Nietzsche's "The Wagner Case."

The Jew in Music Nearly every great composer has been called a Jew sometime in his career. Mozart (whose real name was Ozart, without the M) had Jewish features; when he was brought before Maria Theresa at Vienna, that great Empress sharply asked: "Has the child been baptized?" On being told he had, she said: "A genius must not be a Jew." Apochryphal or not, this is an interesting story, though not so much so as Rossini's witty request: "Don't bury me in a Jewish Cemetery." Rossini was a Roman Catholic of Hebraic origin. Verdi looked Jewish; so did Weber—the latter "suspiciously" so. A. E. Keeton, in an article a few years ago in the London *Contemporary Review* ("The Jew in Music"), didn't hesitate to suspect Chopin—Szopen, was the real Polish name, a Jewish one; Chopin's father hailed from Nancy, France, a city of many Jewish inhabitants—even Beethoven does not escape. Saint-Saëns had Jewish blood in him, as had Berlioz, Borodine, Arthur Sullivan (Seligman), and Bizet, the composer of Carmen. Bach was more Jewish-looking than Wagner, but was of Hungarian origin. Wagner's mother's name, Bertz, is Jewish; she was as Jewish in appearance as Geyer. Schumann's name is Jewish-German, but he was pure Saxon. Schubert was Austrian. Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer and Goldmark, of course, are Jewish. Richard Strauss is a puzzle. His name is unqualifiedly Jewish, his father looked like one (he was first hornist in the Munich opera), but Richard is an out and out Bavarian. His mother was a Pschorr, daughter of the Munich brewer. The music of Wagner, Strauss, and Goldmark, is notably oriental in color and intensity. All the celebrated singers and virtuosi were, with few exceptions, of Jewish origin: Thalberg, Rubinstein, Paganini (who looked as Jewish as the Kol Nidrei), Joachim, Wieniawski, Karl Tausig, Joseffy, Rosenthal, D'Albert, Bujoni, Godowsky, Pachmann, Lilli Lehmann, Milka Ternina, the Garcia family—Spanish Jews; Patti, on the Patti, not the Barili side—Josef Hoffman, Mischa Elman; the list is as long as from here to Jericho. No one need be ashamed to be a musician or virtuoso of Jewish origin, though I know some that are, they even change their names to fool themselves, but don't fool the world.

Wagner's Judaism Wagner flouted Meyerbeer, because he tried to help him. He had no reason to love Mendelssohn, but even if he had had his inborn sense of ingratitude, which was notorious, would have intervened. He was particularly severe in his strictures on Meyerbeer, yet how much he learned from him! This statement will be received with emphatic nods of dissent on the part of the Wagnerites;

but "Rienzi" proved it. More mellow in old age Wagner said some pleasant things of Rossini's charming, melodious muse, but as a rule he mocked Jewish music, denying in his brochure, "Das Judenthum in der Musik," Jewish composers true passion. Now, since "Die Musik ist die Sprache der Leidenschaft," and as his, and the music of many composers of Jewish descent, is surcharged with passion, it must have been prejudice that drove him to pen such a false statement. There is not much passion in Mendelssohn, but he is exceptional in this, and the exception may, in his case, prove the rule. The Wagner case is still a vital one. Revaluations of old values are needed in a future biography of the man. Above all, regard with suspicion any so-called "history" emanating from Bayreuth. That is the well of doubt.

FOR HER BENEFIT

SMYTHE, JR.: What's "overhead expense," pop?
SMYTHE, SR. (behind his paper): Your mother's millinery.

The man who shouts that he wants what he wants when he wants it needs to receive what he needs where he needs it.



A SETTLEMENT WORKER

THE COLONEL JOLTED

MOOSE HERD HAS COLONEL CORNERED

MAY HAVE TO RUN FOR GOVERNOR
NOW WHETHER HE WILL OR NOT

—Heading in N. Y. Times.

What's the answer? Isn't the Progressive Party a proprietary remedy, invented, patented, trade-marked and owned and controlled by T. R.? Has he lost the patent, or does George W. Perkins hold the majority stock in the corporation? What's the use of having his own pet and peculiar party, if it can march down to Oyster Bay, read the riot act to Col. Roosevelt, and tell him bluntly that there will be no 1916 for him if he don't take on the job of running for Governor in 1914.

Pears'

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For goodness sake use Pears'.

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Express Prepaid \$275
Pants cut in the latest style. Made-to-your individual measure. Fit, workmanship and wear guaranteed.
NO EXTRA CHARGE
for pants, no matter how extreme you order them.
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A good live hustler in every town to take orders for our celebrated made-to-measure clothes. Samples of all the latest materials **FREE**.
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DIARY February 17, 1817.

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Old Overholt Rye
"Same for 100 years."

As pure, mellow and fragrant today as in the days of Pres. Madison when OLD OVERHOLT first became the choice of men who know.

Aged in charred oak barrels and bottled in bond.

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A Delightful Beverage
A Wholesome Tonic
SUNNY BROOK
THE
PURE FOOD WHISKEY

Old Overholt & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Old Overholt Rye Whiskey is made from the finest selected grain, aged in charred oak barrels, and bottled in bond.

Puck



THE BASEBALL FAN

HIS GIRL: And just nineteen seconds ago he proposed to me!

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE INTELLIGENT FOWLS

At a recent dinner General Nelson A. Miles told the following story. Puck thinks it's new.

In a Southern town a colored man was complaining to a pale-faced visitor of the wickedness of the neighborhood. He said:

"Yassuh dis am de wickedest town in de whole neighborhood. Why dat low-down nigger you see over dere, he doan deserve to live. He ought to be taken out an' shot down."

"Why, how's that?" said the pale visitor.

"Well he's a good-for-nothing; he's wuss 'en a thief."

"Worse than a thief? What did he steal?"

"My chickens."

"What? He stole one of your chickens?"

"No sah, he didn't steal one of my chickens. He done went an' left the door of the coop open, and the whole bunch run home."

Many a crooked man votes a straight ticket.



THE IN-BAD CONGRESSMAN

SUBURBANITE: I'll never vote for that cuss again! Only for his sending me garden seeds, I wouldn't have put any in!

PLACING THE BLAME

DEMPSEY: Mike Conley got pinched last night for disorderly conduct in a movie theater.

HAGGERTY: Glory be! What peeved him?

DEMPSEY: A parade in the Ulster sojers—an' it tuk all the ushers an' the dureman to save the operator an' his machine!

Woman has long been the mystery of the ages, but most anybody can see through her nowadays.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

HOTEL PURITAN

Commonwealth Avenue
Boston

The Distinctive Boston House

A hotel of the highest class, with moderate rates



Leif Ericsson—The Discoverer of America

THE FIRST WHITE MEN to tread American soil were Leif Ericsson and his sea-dashed Viking crew. This was nearly a thousand years ago, when the Scandinavian peoples ruled the seas and held the secrets of navigation. The history of the fair-haired, liberty-loving sons and daughters of Sweden, Norway and Denmark is rich in song and story. We have millions of these splendid folk in our own land, and wherever the standard of Liberty and Human Progress has been raised they are found in the front rank, bravely fighting for the *Right*. Better citizens or greater lovers of Personal Liberty are unknown. For centuries our full-blooded Scandinavian brothers have been moderate users of Barley-Malt brews. Who can truthfully say it has injured them in any way? It is the ancient heritage of these peoples to revolt at Prohibitory Laws, and their vote is registered almost to a man against such legislation. For 57 years Scandinavians have been drinkers of the honestly-brewed beer of Anheuser-Busch. They have helped to make their great brand **BUDWEISER** exceed the sales of any other beer by millions of bottles. Seven thousand, five hundred men, all in all, are daily required to keep pace with the natural public demand for Budweiser.

ANHEUSER - BUSCH, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Bottled only at the home plant.



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That Is the Universal Verdict About Imperial

Bottled only by the
Brewers,
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Order from any dealer.



TEAM WORK ON FIFTH AVENUE

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

PROFICIENCY IN ARSON

The celebration by three hundred Columbia students of their first crew victory at Poughkeepsie in nineteen years was halted very abruptly. Fire hose and police clubs ended the students' joy. Both were called out after one of South Field's fences had been set afire. The students had refused to permit attempts to extinguish the flames and the blaze had been aided by gasoline, according to the firemen.

It is rashly asserted of modern college life that it overbuilds the head and atrophies the hands. Here is evidence to the contrary. These college "boys" demonstrated proficiency in arson that might well shame the hard-handed, bullet-headed gangs with which the East Side is credited. It seems they not only knew how to use gasoline, but, so far from scorning to work with their hands, they applied the inflammable oil and with their dainty white fingers struck the matches. Then, to prove that they were not mollycoddles, they gave resistance to the firemen. The only thing these "men" courageous feared was water, showing that the ennobling influence of a college education had not so far removed them from the more common orders of creation.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles.

HUMANE SUGGESTION

SUBURBANITE (*phoning to neighbor at 2 a.m.*): This you, Jones? Say, your dog is in a bad way?

NEIGHBOR (*angrily*): What do you mean by that!

SUBURBANITE: Why, he's been crying for the last hour; don't you think you'd better get up and walk the garden with him?

Murine is Carefully Compounded by
Physicians. Contains No Injurious or Pro-
hibited Drugs. Try Murine in Your Eyes
—Also Good for Baby's Eyes. No Smarting
—Feels Fine.

HORRORS?

"War with Mexico would be full of horrors," declared a veteran member of the House, who has seen actual warfare.

"You speak feelingly, Colonel," commented a colleague.

"Yes; I once camped in a Mexican hotel."

SWEET

"Yes!" is the sweetest word a man ever hears, provided it is in answer At twenty to the question: "Do you love me?"

At forty to the question: "Can you pay me that one hundred dollars you owe me?"

At sixty to the question: "Do the doctors know a cure for it?"

Legs Straight?
If not, our latest invention will make them appear straight and trim; weight 2 oz. Recommended by physicians, by firms of tailors, by business men everywhere. Sent on approval. Particulars mailed sealed ALISON CO., Dept. L, Buffalo, N.Y.

Puck Prints make beautiful decorations for club rooms and dens. Send 10c. in stamps for catalogue of interesting reproductions on heavy paper suitable for framing.
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Sold at all first-class cafes
and by jobbers.
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Schlitz Brown Bottle Insures Purity

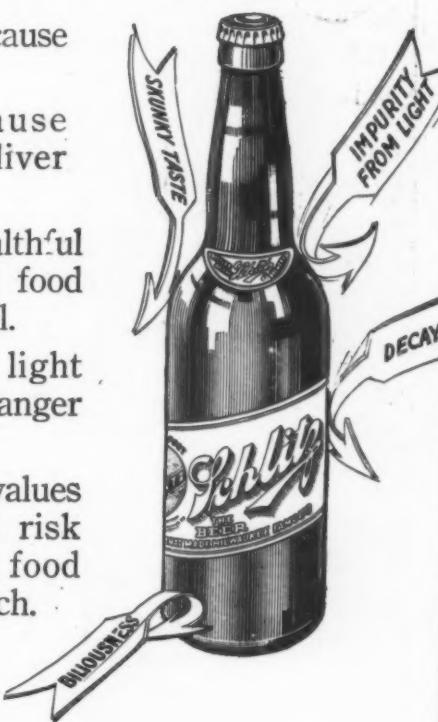
Schlitz cannot cause biliousness.

It cannot cause stomach or liver trouble.

Pure beer is healthful food—decayed food is not healthful.

Any beer in light bottles is in danger of decay.

No one who values health should risk taking tainted food into the stomach.



See that Crown is
branded "Schlitz"

Get
Schlitz in Brown Bottles
The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

Order a Case
Today

74 MB

KING

Sturdy as a Steam-Shovel
—Graceful as a Swan

KING owners experience no misgivings at entering rough country. Hills, declines, mires, sands, ruts, and rocky ways have all been amply considered by the KING'S builders, and they are met and conquered with a vigor and ease that assure a safe and timely return to Macadam.

The KING'S heavy cantilever springs make shock absorbers unnecessary and lighten wear on car and tires. The KING was *first* in America with this suspension—others are now following.

MODEL "C"—Season of 1915—New Price, New Body, New Chassis Refinements

\$1075 WITH EQUIPMENT—Famous Ward Leonard Starting and Lighting System, \$90 net additional. Prices F. O. B. Detroit
HAS CANTILEVER "COMFORT" SPRINGS

Specifications of "The Car of No Regrets"

Two Body Styles—One Chassis—Touring Car and Roadster—3 15-16 inch x 5 inch bore and stroke 30-35 H. P. on block motor; unit power plant; three-point suspension; full floating rear axle; multiple disc cork insert clutch; center control; left side drive; honeycomb radiator; full "U" flush doors; concealed hinges; crown fenders; gasoline tank in cowl; option on gears; instrument board; Atwater-Kent ignition; combination head lamps; Gemmer steering gear; 18 inch wheel; Hyatt roller bearings; flush top upholstery; extra deep tilted cushions; 113 inch wheel-base; electric horn; rain-vision ventilating wind-shield; silk mohair one-man top; quick attachable curtains; Stewart-Warner speedometer; tire irons, pump, jack, tire repair outfit, tools, extra rim.

DEALERS! Wire now for territory on this new model
The KING'S 1914 success is about to be repeated manifold

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